

The Guy Who Carries Paper

by Cathy Ann Coley

“I’m the guy who carries paper, Mom.”
Five years old, can scratch out his name.
Prefers to crumple paper into balls and throw
it for the cats. Finds something for a bag,
stuffs crumpled paper into it. Again, he declares,
“I’m the guy who carries paper, and this is my jet pack.”

Already, he understands the power of a blank page of paper.
How it daunts his mother, plagued by writer’s block
in the face of parenting.

How I die a little
each time he crumples one page after another,
throws them at the cats. Stuffs them into the jet pack,
burning up all I have not written in the time
I have loved him instead.